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IN MEMORIAM
PROFESSOR JOHN MACNIE


WITH A
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

BY
EX-PRESIDENT WEBSTER MERRIFIELD
AND THE ADDRESSES GIVEN AT THE
MEMORIAL EXERCISES

In the University Armory

NOVEMBER THE SECOND

MCMIX



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Biographical and Personal

BY EX-PRESIDENT WEBSTER MERRIFIELD

After graduating from Yale in 1877 I taught for two years in a small private preparatory school for boys at Newburgh, New York. The high character of this school, largely the creation of Professor Macnie, is attested by the fact that, though numbering only about twenty-five pupils, in the two years I was connected with it and the year following it furnished two valedictorians to Yale and a salutatorian to Williams College, the Alma Mater of President Garfield. A day or two before the school year of 1877-8 opened, in looking through the class-room which had been assigned to me I discovered a fragment of a dog-eared copy of Vergil's Aeneid and on one of the fly leaves this bit of doggerel, written clearly by one of the boys:

*"There was a ole man from bonny Dundee,
And his name it was Johnny Macnie;
This man he knew Latin, this man he knew Greek,
And he heard a bad lesson every day in the week."*

This, so far as I can now recall, was the first mention I had seen or heard of the man who for ten years had been my predecessor as teacher of

Latin and Greek in the school and with whom, as it proved, most of my subsequent life was to be so intimately associated. When, some years afterward, I repeated this bit of doggeral to Professor Macnie, he laughingly replied that Dundee was about the only city in Scotland which he had never even visited. He was born, I believe, near Stirling, in January, 1836. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and came to this country when he was about thirty years old.

When the boys assembled on the opening day of school and I was assigned as head of the table in the dining room occupied by the older boys, I began to hear frequent references to "Mr. Macnie" and to his varied and encyclopedic knowledge. It soon became apparent that the older boys in the school had not only boundless admiration for Mr. Macnie's astonishing learning but a profound respect and warm admiration for him as a man and a friend. I did not meet Mr. Macnie—as he was then known—till a year from the following May, when it was announced at table one day that he was to pay a visit of a few weeks to his old haunts and would occupy a room in the dormitory. When the announcement of his anticipated visit was made I must confess to considerable trepidation at his coming; for I feared that he might be a curious and critical visitor to my classes and I recalled the statement of some of the boys that he knew his Latin and Greek so thoroughly that he rarely used a text-book in conducting his classes in Caesar,

Cicero, Vergil, Xenophon, and Homer. When Mr. Macnie arrived, however, and I was presented to him, my fears vanished at once. A more gentle, modest, unassuming and deferential personage I had never met. He seemed to take it for granted that, whatever subject he happened to be discoursing upon, his auditors knew, of course, all about it, and he had a way of deferring to their judgment as to any disputed or doubtful point, although it was certain that the persons with whom he chanced to be conversing knew vastly less about the subject than he did—if, indeed, it was not to them a veritable *terra incognita*. In our daily intercourse during the few weeks that followed his coming I became almost as deeply impressed with the astonishing range and truly encyclopedic character of Mr. Macnie's information as the boys had been. Literature, Science, Philosophy, Mathematics, Languages, History,—all were to him familiar ground. In history, especially, he seemed to have read everything and to have remembered, even in minutest detail, everything he had ever read. And yet, with all his prodigious learning, he was always so simple, so apparently unconscious of his superiority, and so almost childish—I know not how else to express it—enthusiastic in his interest in every field of knowledge that it was a pleasure to listen to him while he ran on, as he often would, in a sort of monologue almost as if he were unconscious of your presence.

At the close of the school year in June, 1879, I went to what is now North Dakota, remaining there till appointed to a tutorship at Yale in the following autumn. Mr. Macnie meanwhile returned to his old position in the school at Newburgh. After four years on the Yale faculty I was offered and accepted the professorship of Greek and Latin in the newly established University of North Dakota, and entered upon my duties in September, 1884. At the end of the first year, when it became necessary to create the chair of French and German, I suggested to the Regents (as the Trustees were then called) the name of Mr. Macnie for the position and secured from a number of his Eastern admirers strong testimonials as to his fitness for the place. One of the Regents—a scholarly and very estimable man—was himself a candidate for the position; but when he heard Mr. Macnie's testimonials read he, with a fine appreciation of the situation, said that he ought not to be considered for a moment as against such a man. And so Mr. Macnie was unanimously elected by the Board and entered upon the duties of his position in the fall of 1885. Since then he has been a familiar figure to all who have been connected in any way with the University as well as to all the older generations among the citizens of Grand Forks. Of his unique and delightful personality I need not speak to any who have ever met him. Of his profound and varied scholarship it is equally needless to speak. At various times he taught at the University French, German, Spanish

—even Italian privately to a few pupils—Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Physics, the higher Mathematics and English Literature. He was the author of an algebra and a geometry—both widely used throughout the country—as well as of a work on the Theory of Equations, which was used for some years as a text book at West Point, about the only institution in the country where the subject was taught.

It is not, however, of Professor Macnie, the great scholar and inspiring teacher, that I wish here to speak, but rather of his rare qualities as a friend, of his great unselfishness, his constant thoughtfulness for others, his genuineness as a man and as a Christian, his delightful fancy and quaint humor, his naiveness of manner and his unworldliness, even unsophisticatedness, which made him the subject of many droll and highly improbable anecdotes among the student body.

Of his unfailing interest in the students and particularly in the young ladies, for whose comfort and pleasure he was always contriving, every one knows; and the two evenings in the year—the birthdays of his son and grandson in May and October—which have come to be known at the University as Professor Macnie's Treat to the Girls, bear eloquent, almost pathetic witness. That the successive generations of young women at the University have appreciated his thoughtfulness and concern for their welfare and have felt for him a genuine affection is evidenced in the fact of their petitioning the

Trustees to have one of the young ladies' dormitories named Macnie Hall in his honor shortly after his retirement. Of his fine feeling, his love for the University and his happy gift of poetical expression we have enduring evidence in his fine University hymn—*Alma Mater*—which has never been excelled if, indeed, it has ever been equalled in dignity and beauty as a college song. Many of his occasional verses in *The Student* are of rare beauty both in their lofty conception and their grace of expression. Professor Macnie published one novel—"The Diothas, or a Far Look Ahead"—which went through several editions, one, at least, in England and which, as a former librarian of the Boston Public Library maintained, furnished the suggestion, both in topic and treatment of Edward Bellamy's much less artistic though more widely read "Looking Backward," of which several hundred thousand copies were sold in this country and England and which was translated into several other languages. Indeed, this gentleman went so far as to charge, through the Boston Traveller, that Bellamy had deliberately plagiarized Professor Macnie's book. Professor Macnie also wrote one or two other novels of a very high order of merit, the scenes of which were laid in Greece in the time of Xenophon, but he never published them, owing to the declining interest in classical subjects.

Professor Macnie, of all persons I have ever known, was the most unselfish and altruistic, as he was the most charitable. During the seventeen

years that we lived together I never heard him speak an unkind or disparaging word of a colleague or friend, although he was quick and unsparing in his denunciation of men who were shifty or unscrupulous in positions of public trust. He seemingly never thought of his own advancement or pecuniary profit or reputation. He had absolutely no faculty for pushing himself and but for the interest taken in him by friends who knew his rare worth he would doubtless have labored to the last in some hidden corner, unobserved and unappreciated save by a very few.

His lovable and altogether admirable and unique qualities were separated by the whole heaven from those which go to make the successful politician, the merchant-prince, the railway magnate, or the so-called Napoleon of Finance. The question naturally arises, what is the value to society of such a life as Professor Macnie's, so unobtrusive, modest and unselfish; yet so noble, lovable and unique in its almost childish simplicity and naivete? During the five delightful weeks I spent at Florence in my visits to the great art galleries, the quaint and historic piazzas, and the splendid old palaces of the Medicis and the other great families of those golden three centuries from Dante to Michael Angelo, I had occasion daily to pass the little bronze plate in the pavement of the Piazza della Signoria, which marks the spot where Savonarola met his martyrdom by fire on the 23d of May, 1498. Many were the hours I lingered lovingly in the three tiny cells which con-

stituted Savonarola's chapel, study and bedroom in the old monastery of San Marco and in those other tiny cells of Fra Angelico and good old Sant' Antonio. All three of them have been dead these four hundred years and more. Dead, too, these four hundred years and more are the Medicis—Cosmo, "Pater Patriae;" Lorenzo, "the Magnificent," and all the rest of them who dwelt in those splendid old palaces, still the wonder of the world. Why is it that the thousands who come yearly to Florence make their pilgrimages of love and admiration, not to the stately palaces of the old town but to the five tiny cells at San Marco and to the little prison chamber, high up in that matchless old tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, where Savonarola passed the last forty days of his life a prisoner and from which he walked on that memorable 23d of May to his fiery death? I can not answer better than in the words of America's great novelist and charming essayist, William D. Howells, who, writing of Savonarola and Lorenzo, "Il Magnifico," in his "Tuscan Cities," says: "There is nothing of Savonarola now but the memory of his purpose, nothing of Lorenzo but the memory of his. The one willed only good to others and the other willed only good to himself. All history, like each individual experience, enforces nothing but this lesson of altruism; and it is because the memory which consecrates the church of San Marco teaches it in supreme degree that one stands before it with swelling heart." In his great unselfishness and his never failing con-

sideration for the pleasure and welfare of others, Professor Macnie constantly calls to my mind all three of those great spirits who have made of San Marco one of the world's most cherished shrines; but, in his rare gentleness, his self-abnegation, his never failing sweetness and goodness, he was more like Sant' Antonio and Fra Angelico than the great Florentine preacher, and perhaps most of all like unto Fra Angelico, whose golden angels, painted nearly five hundred years ago on the bare walls of the tiny monks' cells of San Marco, keep reminding me, somehow or other, of the thousand little acts and words of kindness of him who so recently was our beloved colleague. His mortal part will soon be dust, as Fra Angelico's has been these many hundred years; but his beautiful life, like Fra Angelico's angels, will go shining down the ages. All goodness is immortal, whether it find expression in Fra Angelico angels, painted on the bare convent walls of San Marco, or as a truly human influence, impressed on humble human hearts; for, as George Eliot says, speaking of Dorothea, "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to numbers who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

Professor Macnie's grave in the little country cemetery at Easton, Connecticut, where he lies beside the wife of his youth, who survived their marriage by less than a year, will be a mecca of loving

memories to the thousands of his former pupils, co-laborers and friends, though not one of them may ever visit it in person.

Memorial Exercises

Held in the University Armory

November 2, 1909.

Invocation-----*The Rev. W. H. Matthews*

Music: "Lead Kindly Light"--*University Quartette*

Introductory Remarks--*President Frank L. McVey*

Address: Professor Macnie as a Friend,

Mrs. F. C. Massee

Music: "Two Cities Gray"---*University Quartette*

Address: Professor Macnie as a Colleague,

Dean M. A. Brannon

Music: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me,"

University Quartette

Address: Professor Macnie as a Churchman,

The Rev. J. K. Burleson

Address: Professor Macnie as a Citizen,

Hon. Tracy R. Bangs

Music: "Alma Mater"-----*By the Audience*

Benediction-----*The Rev. F. E. R. Miller*

Introductory Remarks

BY PRESIDENT McVEY.

In the short period of a month three men who were close to our hearts have been gathered to their fathers. One of them came from Swedish ancestry, one belonged to the Norwegian nation, and one traced his forebears to the Scottish people. Each of them found a home in America. Each sought his work in a separate field of the public life and history of our people. One was an editor and a political leader, the governor of a neighboring state; another was a lawyer and a senator in the congress of the American commonwealths; and the last was a scholar and a teacher of youth. It is to honor this man that we have met this afternoon, in memory of the work that he did among us, of the way in which he touched our hearts, of the things which he held as standards, and which will remain with us from year to year and stamp the whole history of the University that we love.

In order that we may have a wider view of Professor Macnie's character and work, some of his friends have been asked to speak regarding him in the different relations of life. First Mrs. Massee, a life-long friend of Professor Macnie, will present him as a friend; Dean Brannon, a co-worker with

him for many years on the faculty of the University, will speak of him as a colleague; Rev. Mr. Burleson will say something of his life as a churchman, and Mr. Tracy Bangs of his place as a citizen.

Address

Professor Macnie as a Friend

MRS. F. C. MASSEE.

The greatest people I have known in the world have been simple, and easy of access, not mindful of their own greatness; and the most beautiful things in the world are simple and easy of understanding. In these two classes I place the character and friendship of Professor Macnie.

It is as a friend principally that I have been asked to speak of him today. It is twenty years since I first knew him, and nineteen of those years I have counted him a friend. In the early days of the University, when classes were small, the opportunity for acquaintance and friendship between teacher and student was, of course, much greater than it is today, and this privilege gave to me, perhaps, the rarest and most beautiful friendship of my life. Professor Macnie was then in the best prime of mature manhood, before age had dimmed any of his faculties. When I came to know him intimately I understood in part the beautiful romance of his

life that led him to idealize all womanhood. His love for his girl bride, who died before one year of wedded life was completed and before she had reached her twentieth year, remained with him through the long years of what seemed to many a lonely life; and through this memory all girlhood was beautiful to him and all womanhood sacred.

As a friend he had the rare faculty of holding you up to your best, of understanding what you reached after rather than your poverty of achievement. Without a grain of flattery, he had always a ready appreciation of motives. He dealt frankly with defects, and then forgot them. His sentiment was never sentimentality, his sympathy never obtrusive, and yet both were warm and abiding.

Scholarship and its results did not mean to him the chief things in life, although he himself was happy and content in their pursuit. He believed in and advised first of all the joys of home and little children, with all else secondary. He saw the poetry in simple, everyday life, and opened the dimmer eyes of his friends to surrounding loveliness. Up to his last few years at the University, when his strength began to wane, he was a frequent visitor at my home, dropping in almost every week during pleasant weather, and best of all I love to remember him in the occasional aimless tramps together through the woods, when the first delicate tints of unfolding leaves colored the trees in spring or when the rich autumn shades flaunted everywhere. His coming was always a joy to the chil-

dren, and he seemed to understand even the smallest.

To those who knew him best he was not like any other person,—this man who possessed a master's mind in so many different ways, this scholar, philosopher and poet, who has left us; but to me he will chiefly remain the staunch, dependable friend,—pure, lofty, inspiring, and gentle as the Christ who lifted little children to his bosom.

Address

Professor Macnie as a Colleague

DEAN MELVIN A. BRANNON.

It is difficult to present the attributes of any great man; it is extremely difficult to picture his personality. Notwithstanding twelve years of intimate relationship with Professor Macnie on the faculty of this institution, it were better if some other members who have known him yet longer were here to pay this tribute this afternoon. It were most fitting if ex-President Merrifield, "most worthy man," were here today to speak of Professor John Macnie, "man most worthy."

In a very simple way, and in a very reverent way, I should like to bear testimony to the character of this man, who has been presented to you already as

great because of his Christianlike simplicity, and great also by reason of his scholarship.

President Jordan of Leland Stanford says that old Cornell was glorious because of her faculty. If she achieved any distinction in the past, if she achieves any distinction today, if she performs any lasting service for humanity in the future, it is because of the faculty of Cornell University. This is the belief and the declaration of all who appreciate the worth of educational institutions. It must be because of the personalities of the leaders of those institutions that they are able to train leaders. And so if we are to appreciate something of Professor Macnie's personality and greatness, we must throw on the background this afternoon a little sketch of the man's greatness as a scholar.

As you know, he was born in Scotland, but he was reared in Germany, and then he was educated in Scotland at the University of Glasgow, and he was further educated upon this new soil. His greatness as a scholar had an admirable foundation in his training, which was cosmopolitan. His greatness as a scholar gave him the name which he deservedly bore, "a walking encyclopedia." Yet notwithstanding his wide acquaintance with history, with philosophy, with literature, and with science, he was, as Mrs. Massee has said, as simple as a child, thereby commanding us to witness that he was great, so great that he forgot self, and merged his personality in the truth that came to him through many avenues.

You who know something of the building of the University of North Dakota will remember that he was not a teacher only, but outside of that busy life he gave evidence of his scholarship, and that evidence was the production of something, the extension of the limits of knowledge. You will remember that he was the author of a text-book in mathematics, a work on algebra for which he received no credit, and he sought none; another had the satisfaction of reaping the benefits of this man's work. He was the author of a text-book in geometry, used in this institution and in other parts of the northwest. He was the author also in earlier times of an advanced work in mathematics which was the text used in our great military school.

We have had this afternoon testimony regarding Professor Macnie by one who was taught by him. I, too, may bring tribute as one taught by him, notwithstanding the fact that I was a member of the faculty with him. Professor Macnie was always full of suggestions and showed a familiarity with scientific subjects that continually amazed me. That a man who was a student of the classics and of philosophy, a teacher of the languages, should know so much about science, should be so deeply interested in the things of science, was a perennial surprise and delight.

The students who were in his classes from time to time will bear testimony to his inspiration as a teacher. There are students in the city of Spokane, in Boston, and in many other places in this great

land, who have been under his care, and from all of them we should have added testimony to his goodness, simplicity, and inspiration as teacher and guide. Professor Macnie's activities as a teacher were not confined to the class-room. For years he was an active representative of Christian work in this institution, having under his care the Sunday bible class; he also entered into the athletic activities of the students. Like every genuine son of Scotland, he was passionately devoted to certain expressions of the athletic spirit. It was he who first helped to establish our tennis courts. He found time to sympathize and join with us in football, baseball, and all other activities which make for the pure, strong, and wholesome man.

The 1885 catalog list of the faculty and instructors contains eight names. Three of them are pasted in, indicating that they were elected subsequent to the publication of the catalogue. One of these is H. B. Woodworth and one is John Macnie. Both of them have built themselves into the life of this institution in a way that will never perish, and both of them have gone to the great beyond.

Professor Macnie was called here as Professor of English, German and French, but in the report which was made for the year 1886 he is credited with reports in five subjects,—English language and literature, French, German, and history.

Reverently but emphatically I may declare that this man occupied not only a chair but a whole settee in this institution. In his report to the President

for 1888, after speaking of the students in his various classes, numbering forty-six in all, when the total institutional enrollment was forty-eight, he says in conclusion: "I will state that while in certain cases instruction is carried on with some difficulty, I yet have every reason to be pleased with the conduct and general industry of the students under my care. The lack of adequate preparation has in many conspicuous instances been fully compensated for by zeal and the resolve to take full advantage of the opportunities so generously afforded them by the state. The difficulties, it may be hoped, will diminish with time, while the zeal and industry will remain."

Thus he spoke in that early time as a teacher. Fortunately he saw the University of North Dakota leave many very grievous difficulties behind. I trust that were he here today he might bear emphatic testimony to the fact that "zeal and industry," which were the remedy for the troubles of that time, are still in evidence with us.

For many years Professor Macnie was secretary of the faculty. I often marveled at his patience and care in keeping dry records of countless, and at times trivial details.

And now a word with reference to this poet, mathematician and linguist which will indicate something of his religious life. It is better that he himself should speak. Hear him in this little poem:

TIME AND PATIENCE.

*Rising from the depths of ocean
Slowly grows the coral isle,
Till the work of puny insects
Curbs the billows mile on mile.*

*Mountain-throned, the giant cedar
Cloudward rears its head sublime;
Years it grew a slender sapling,
Thousands passed to reach its prime.*

*Ages in its rocky matrix
Slow must crystallize the gem,
Ere it shines, in peerless splendor,
Starlike in the diadem.*

*Drop by drop the waters falling
Wear in time the flinty stone;
Time and patience thus accomplish
Tasks that baffle strength alone.*

*Undismayed, then, let us labor
Till the destined work is done;
Stone by stone is reared the temple,
Step by step the race is won.*

Professor Macnie's activities as student-scholar extended in so many directions that this earth could not limit them. He was a very good amateur astronomer. His admiration for the limits above is indicated in this little sonnet on Orion, written for "The Student:"

ORION.

*Resplendent glory of the southern sky,
The clustered jewels of thy radiant sword
And blazing belt through aeons vast outpoured
Their radiance, long ere yet a sentient eye
Existed to admire or e'en descry.
Since time began have wondering eyes explored
Of sage or warrior, saint or savage horde,
As many an age will yet, thy splendors, peerless,
 high.
Yet thou shalt also pass; for what art thou?
Some sparkling drops hurled from the brimming
 urn
Of boundless power to hang in boundless space
Through boundless time, as mortals deem it now;
But, to the Power through whom thy splendors
 burn,
A transient gleam, to pass and leave no trace.*

The religious character of Professor Macnie is well expressed in a poem on the closing century.

THE CENTURY'S CLOSE.

*When the level rays of the westering sun
Strike sadly fair on the autumn lea,
We pensively sigh for another day gone
To merge in the bygone eternity.
Yet 'tis but the close of a single line
Of the book whose ending is mine and thine.*

*Gravely we watch as the hand creeps near
To the topmost point of the dial's face,
Awaiting the last of the dying year,
That for weal or woe has graved its trace.
'Tis a page complete that for aye we turn
Of the book whose ending no man may discern.*

*In a life but once we attend with awe
The moment that marks a century's close;
Of the millions that hopeful its incoming saw,
Not one now remains, all silent repose.
'Tis a chapter closed in the long, long tale
Of a strife ne'er to end till the better prevail.*

*Long we shall have passed to the further shore,
When hands yet unborn shall the story indite,
When eyes yet to be o'er the record shall pore
Of this chapter with pages unturned and white,
That the volume ends of a thousand years
Of man's brief splendor, his strivings and tears.*

Once again, when death claimed one of the leading students of the University, Clarence Fairchild, Professor Macnie expressed his belief in God and immortality in these words:

IN MEMORIAM.

*Ah! Why this waste? is the question sad,
When we see the promises fair
Of youthful life cut off ere prime,
Like a weed by the ploughman's share.*

*For this the love and care of years,
From those that gave him birth?
Is thus the fruit of years of toil
To vanish quite from earth?*

*Where now the mind of daring scope
That proudly roamed the spheres,
With thoughts that scanned the universe,
And plans that spanned the years?*

*Where now the well-trained manly will,
As gentle as 'twas brave?
Is all gone by like a withered flower?
All swallowed in the grave?*

*No! answer the eternities,
God labors not in vain;
His choicest work, the human soul,
Is destined to remain.*

*When the heavens have shrivelled like a scroll,
When constellations new,
Shall roll in the space that former stars
And former systems knew,*

*That precious thing, that spark divine,
Shall through the ages grow,
In sweetness and light, and God's design
With deepening insight know.*

*He has but passed the portal dark
That we must pass ere long,
Entered through death, the higher life,
Has joined a countless throng.*

*But, alas! for the loving hearts that now
Bereft through life must go,
The hearts that henceforth bear a scar
Never to heal below.*

*But life is short, eternity long,
And soon this troubled dream,
Like the vanishing cares of childhood's days,
In the misty past shall seem.*

*For then shall vision undimmed be ours,
Where now we blindly grope,
And fulfilment of promise then shall be,
Where now we dare but hope.*

But we feel that this man to whom we bring our tributes this afternoon has immortalized himself in our University song, "Alma Mater." If he had written nothing else, he would have made for himself a righteous claim to literary greatness:

ALMA MATER.

*Hail to thee, O Alma Mater!
Hail to thee with heart and tongue!
Pride we feel and love yet greater,
While we raise this grateful song.
Home of lofty thought and learning,
Beacon o'er our western land,
Shrine whence still the everburning
Torch is passed from hand to hand.*

*Free as roam our winds the prairie,
Thought and speech here unconfined,
Free as eaglets round their eyrie,
Soar, proud offspring of the mind.
Love of freedom, love of duty,
Love of truth without a bound,
Valor in thy sons, and beauty
In thy daughters all, be found.*

*Alma Mater! thine the glory,
If or thought of ours or deed,
Find a place in song or story,
Win endeavor's glorious meed.
Prosper ever, fostering mother!
Down the ages long resound
Loud thy fame, while many another
Finds in thee what we have found.*

At this hour, as we say to this friend, this teacher, this colleague, this scholar, "good-bye,"—a word which Professor Macnie would almost never use,—as we say it now to this man whose immaculate presence always indicated great purity of soul within, we realize that he exemplified the high ideals of "Alma Mater;" and as the light of this closing day glorifies the western sky and sea it seems to me that our departed friend sends back this message of abiding hope:

*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.*

*For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.*

Address

Professor Macnie as a Churchman

THE. REV. J. K. BURLESON.

After the words of our friend to which we have just listened, words which bring to us the voice of a serene faith and a certain hope, the voice which speaks of a consecration of life and thought as well as word, it seems to me that we hardly need to speak further or to try to amplify further the thought of Professor Macnie as a churchman. For to be a churchman means far more than merely to be a member of an organization or of a denomination. It is something that must go down into the depths

of the life of every man and woman, and become the center of that life, if the life be what it should be. To meet Professor Macnie was to recognize an earnest, simple, quiet, strong man. And that characterizes exactly the religious life of Professor Macnie,—it was earnest, simple, quiet, strong. And so in speaking of him as a churchman we need not bring out that fact, for it has already been brought out. But when we speak of the outward signs of that life, or rather the few signs which can be put into words, we are only touching the surface, only speaking of the superficial appearances in that strong current of spiritual power which was in the man's self.

Professor Macnie was brought up in the Scotch Episcopal church. When he came to this city he was at first associated with the work of St. Paul's Parish; but afterwards, because of local circumstances and through the strong claims of the friendships which he made here in this institution, he identified himself with the work in the Presbyterian church and became an active member of that organization. For many years—I have been unable to find how many,—he was the teacher of the bible class in the Presbyterian Sunday School; and those who were under his teaching there tell us that he was here, as always, the earnest, simple, helpful man,—certain in his faith, and direct and clear in his teaching, without any questioning as to the truth and the power of the word he taught, and bringing

that conviction home to the hearts and lives of those who heard him. In connection with that work he carried on the Sunday evening bible class in this institution for about fifteen years, so that this organization probably owes its existence to his work and efforts; for he did more than any one else to make it what it is. His teachings were always along what are called orthodox lines. He had little use for new fads and fancies, but held firmly to the basic truths and insisted on them, though he recognized the views of other people and respected them.

Professor Macnie was also of great assistance in the work of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., especially of the latter; for, as has been said before, Professor Macnie had a very tender spot in his heart for all young women. Indeed, I am told that many times it was his personal self-sacrifice that made it possible for the young women of the institution to attend the church services in town, for he was always ready to give up his own leisure and comfort to accompany them when no one else was found to do it.

His faith was just as simple and uplifting as his life, and it made its influence felt upon every one whom he knew. I have often noticed when questions came up in that organization in town known as the Fortnightly Club, which touched religious or spiritual truths, that Professor Macnie always had a word to say which did much to clear up the difficulties of others; a word, also, which was always on the side of the higher truth and the higher life.

It has been said that Professor Macnie was a great man. And he was. And yet, he was not great in the sense in which that word is sometimes used,—that is, spectacular or striking, one who would call attention to himself. He was the very last to do that, or to desire any such thing; and it was that perfectly simple and unconscious life of the man which very largely helped to make him the power that he was. If I were asked to name one characteristic which I think did most of all to make his life the power that it was, I should say that it was the constancy of the man. As some one once expressed it, “You always know just where to find John Macnie, and you always find him on the right side.”

We know the reward which is waiting for him on the other side. We know exactly, because the Saviour himself has told us, in that story about the king who went into a far country, and coming back called his servants to him to give an account of what they had done. To those who gave a good account he said, “Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful—” that is the word, the word that characterized this man’s life, faithful—“thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

Address

Professor Macnie as a Citizen

HON. TRACY R. BANGS.

We have been told of Professor Macnie this afternoon by those who speak as few others can. Mrs. Masee, a life-long friend, Professor Brannon, a friend and co-worker with him in this institution, and Mr. Burleson, who looked at him with the eyes of a churchman, have spoken of him as a "friend," a "colleague," and a "churchman."

To me it is given to speak of him as a "citizen," a man among men. He had a life other than as an instructor. He was recognized among the men of the community as something more than a member of the University force. He was an instructor of men as well as of youth. He was not a dollar-chasing, nervous business man. He was not an enthusiast pursuing any line of public work that called him into the limelight of public opinion; but he saw a course that had been marked out for him, and he followed that course as though it had been given to him by divine hands. He believed that he had a life-work to do, and unfalteringly doing it he became an example to the men of the world who had the privilege of knowing him, for observing him they were shown that a man could acquire happiness and success without a soul-racking struggle

for financial gain. As a man he did more than think. It was not as an instructor, it was not as a friend, it was not as a churchman, in the days when designing politicians with the idea of taking to themselves some credit for economy in the conduct of the state's financial affairs, struck at the very foundations of education in this state, that Professor Macnie, with some others—a little band of loyal men, some of whom are with us now,—was willing to forego his salary and give all his time that this institution might be kept alive. He did that as a man, as a citizen of the State of North Dakota, as one who was interested in the welfare of this commonwealth and whose patriotism rose far above self; and that example alone is enough to place him firmly on the tablets of our memory, to be always looked upon with love and reverence, not only as one of the founders of the educational system of this state, but one of its preservers as well. As has been well said, he was timid and gentle. He never would do anything to attract attention to himself. He had the highest ideals, not only of womanhood, but of manhood. He lived upon a plane above that of most of us, and yet his genial disposition, his kindly heart, and his bright mind were such, that we who were below could feel the contact with the plane above. It never was necessary for him to use the hackneyed phrase, "The end justifies the means," because he was not even piously unfair. He was always fair. His mind was so constructed that he was honest with himself

and all the world. I have often thought, and I believe now, that years and years ago Professor Macnie had heard the word, and raised the stone, for if ever a man had found the Lord, he was that man.

To-day we are gathered to do him honor, which can best be done by practising and preaching his many virtues.

The President has well said, his influence has been as wide as this country, for from out of this University have gone men to points far distant, from ocean to ocean, and from the northern boundary to the Gulf, who have won honor and credit and who in considering success refer gratefully to the example and precept of Professor Macnie. He was one of the grandest men that the state has ever known, and we to-day, with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts, mourn the loss of this man, who in the dignity of a ripe old age, conscious of a life well lived, has but wrapped the draperies of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams, to awaken only with the dawn of the everlasting day, when he will meet the love of his youth in that golden city where God gives his children rest.



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